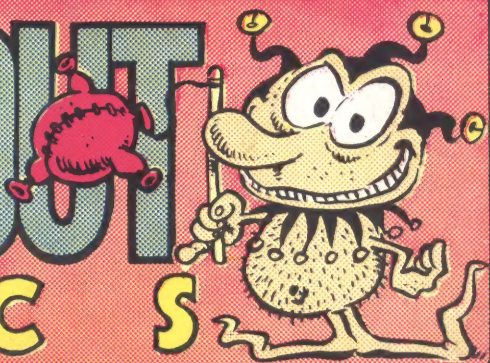


KNOCKABOUT

C O M I C S



HOT JAZZ!

Hunt Emerson

Cliff Harper

Steve Bell Chris

Welch Slim Smith

George Szostek

Mike Matthews

L.daVinci Pokkettz

Scott Deschaine

New RELIGIONS AND *New* HATS



MAX ZILLION

with
ALTO EGO

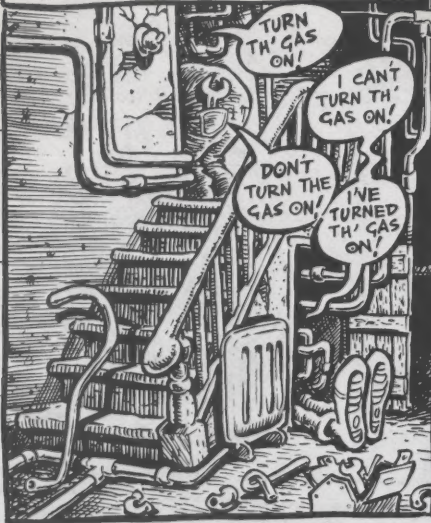
by HUNT EMERSON

© 1982 © APRIL

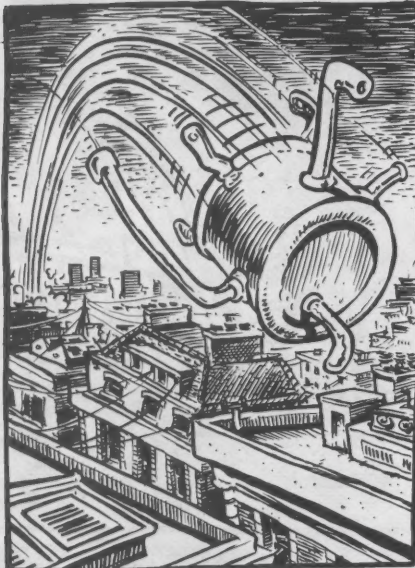




MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN, TWO GUYS
ARE FITTING A HEATING SYSTEM...



MAX WINDS UP HIS SESSION IN A
HIGH GROOVE!...





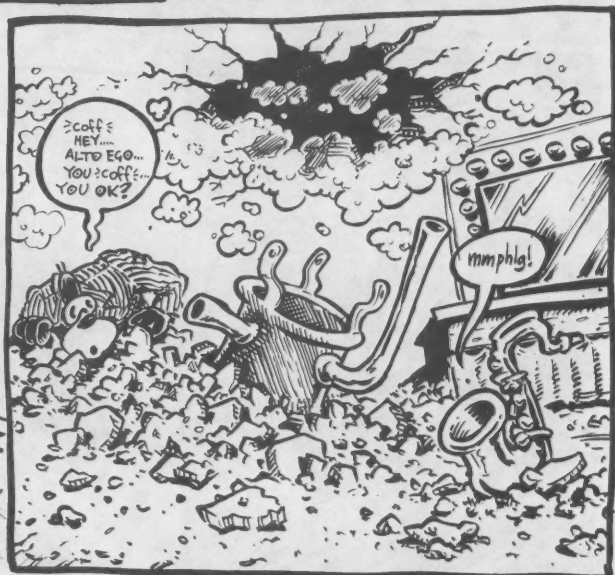
TH'NOIVE
A'THEM CATS!
MAN, THEY
IS THE PITS!
THE ABSO-LUTE
OMEGA!

AAAAH, ITS
NO USE, ALTO...
THEY THE BIG
TIME OPERATORS
AN' WE IS JUS'
TRASH...



AW, C'MON
BOSS...DON'
JIVE ME WIT' THAT...
WE AINT THAT
BAD...WES
GOT GOOD
POINTS...

...BUT WE
COULD SHO'
USE SOME NEW
PIECE A' LUCK
T' FALL ON WE
HEADS, 'STEAD
OF ALL THIS HERE
UNFORTUNALITY!



>coff: HEY...
ALTO EGO...
YOU:>coff: YOU OK?

mmp!g!



WOW!
JUST LOOK AT
THIS! HEY MAN,
Y'KNOW WHAT I
THINK IT IS?



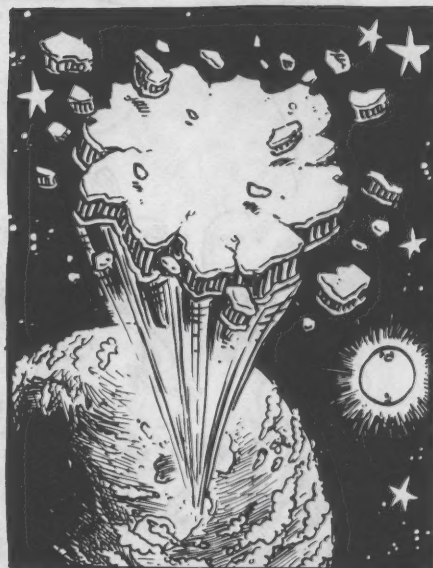
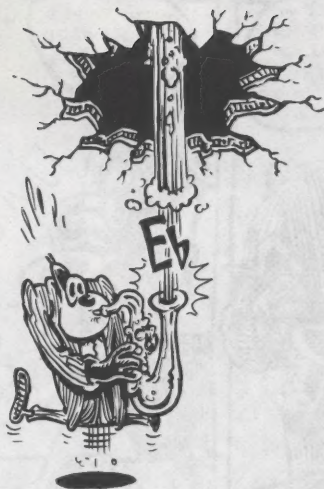
IT'S A
SATTTELITE!
Y'KNOW MAN-
LIKE...er...BLEEP
BLEEP!

LOOKS TO ME
MORE LIKE AN
ITEM OF PLUMBIN'
>coff: coff: HEY
BOSS, GIMME A
LI'L BLOW WILL
YA? >choke:

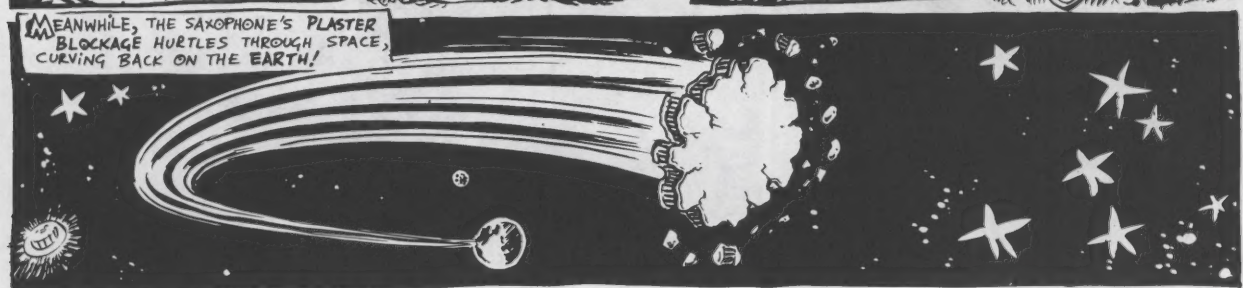
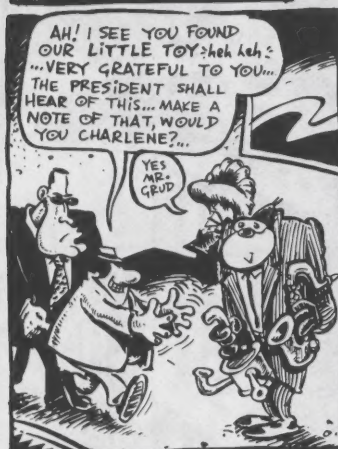
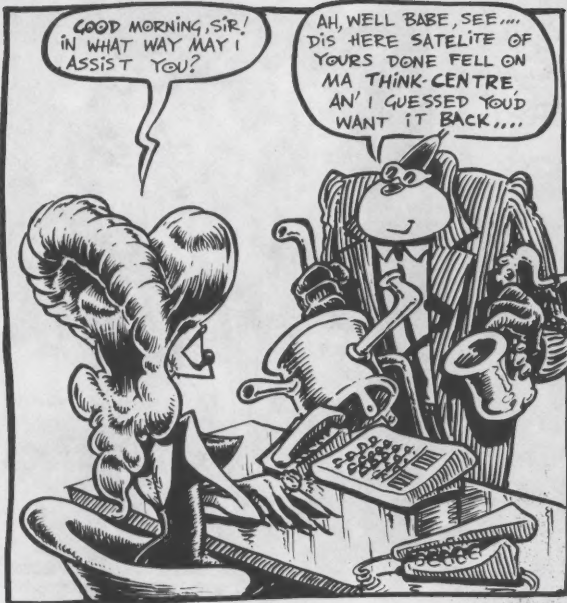


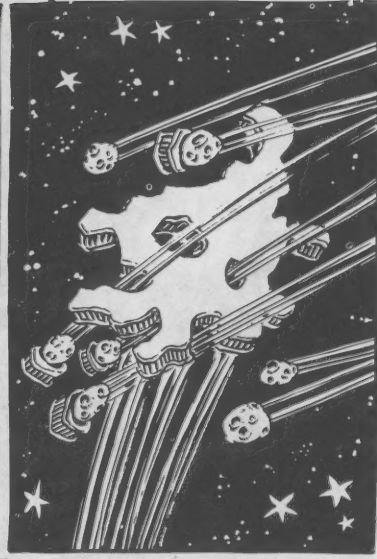
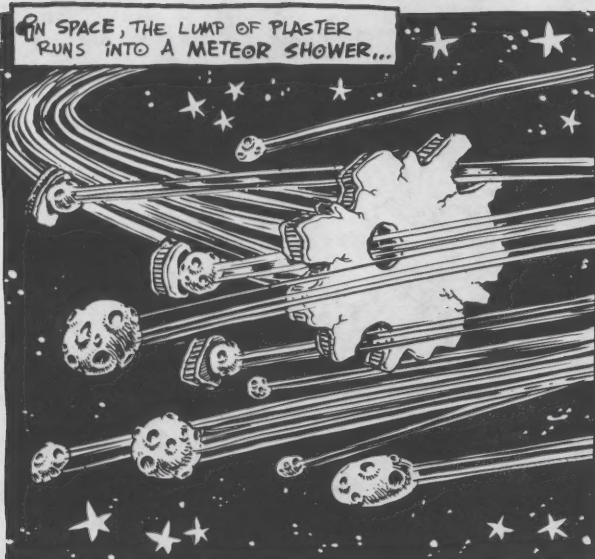
SHO'LY!
WHAT DO Y'
WANNA PLAY?
'DUST A SONG AT
TWILIGHT'?
'CHOKE-LAHOMA'?

HAR-HAR!
FUN-NEE!
A STRAIGHT
A-SHARP WILL
DO FINE!



SAXOPHON
SHRUG





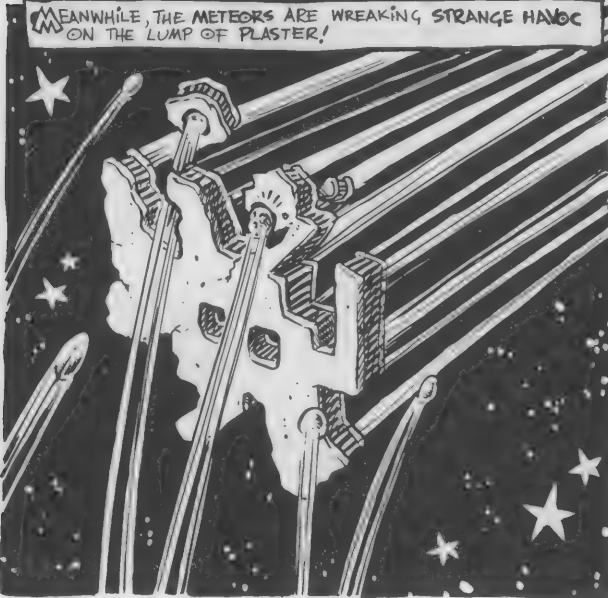
MAX FINDS HIMSELF SHOOTING THROUGH THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE....

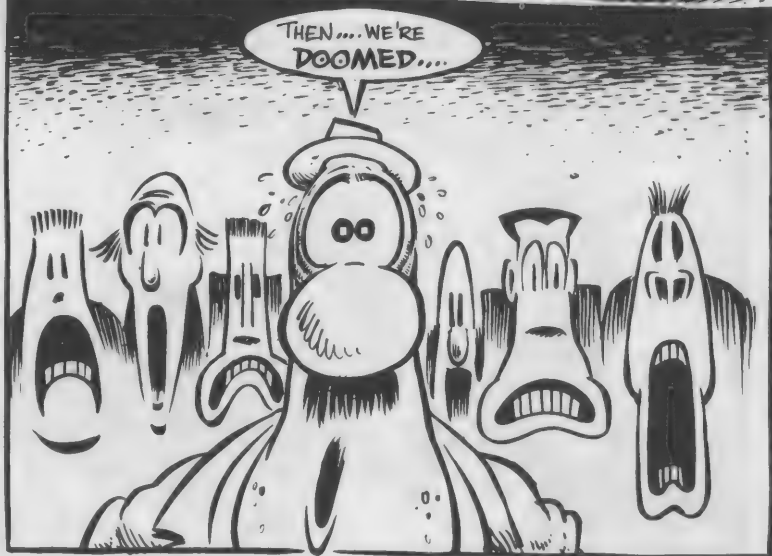
HOT DAMN!
TEA YOU CAN
REALLY TASTE!

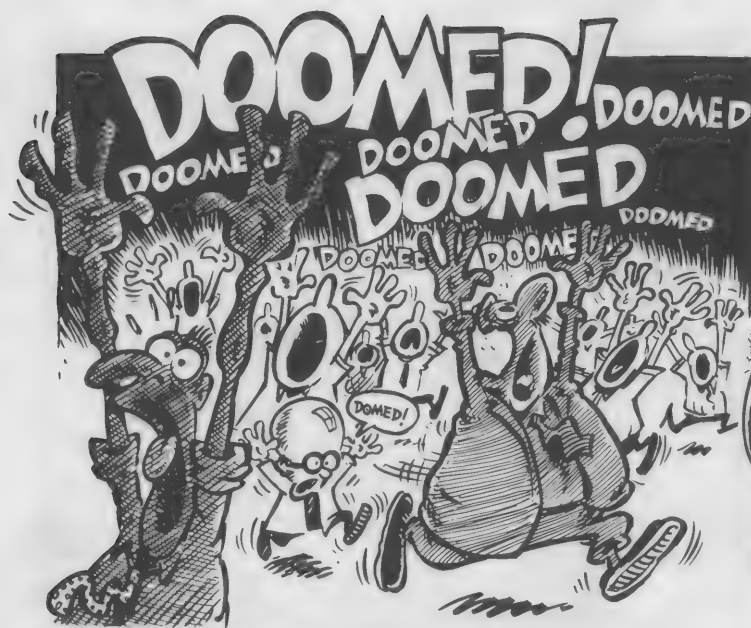
ALTO!
I'M
COMIN'!!

ALTO!
HEY-DIS HERE
QUITE A SET-UP
YOU GOT HERE!
ALL DESE HORNS
IN ORBIT!...

BOSS!
AT LAST!!
WE CAN
USE SOME
HELP!







THE SAXOPHONES OVERHEAR ALL THIS PANIC AND DESPAIR ON THEIR RECEIVER REEDS!...



ALTO, BABY! SNEEP YOUR PEEPEERS IN THAT DIRECTION!

I DON'T HAVE NO PEEPEERS, BOSS, BUT I GET YOUR MESSAGE!



WE'RE THE EARTH'S ONLY HOPE, BOSS, AND YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO LEAD US!!!

ME?



...UH...YEAH... AH- WELL, YOU CATS, A-ONE, A-TWO, A-ROODY DOOT-DOO!



MAX RIPS OUT A COUPLE OF LINES LIKE LUCIFER'S HORDES ON A BENDER - A FRENETIC, EXPRESSIONIST VARIATION ON THAT OLD CLASSIC, "YOUR SOCKS DON'T MATCH"!



AND SUDDENLY, THE BIGGEST HORN SECTION EVER SEEN
CRASHES IN BEHIND HIM!!



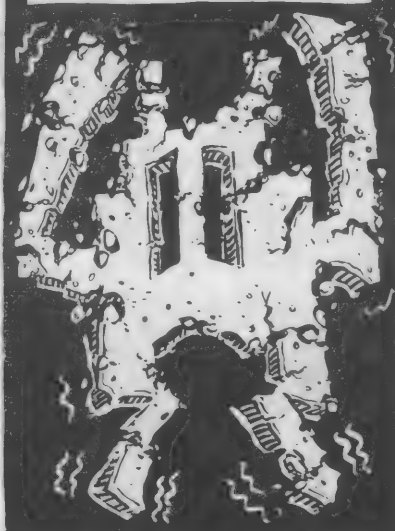
NO FEET CAN RESIST THIS RAMPANT RHYTHM, AND THE PEDAL EXTREMITIES OF THE PLASTER SPACE INVADER ARE NO EXCEPTION!



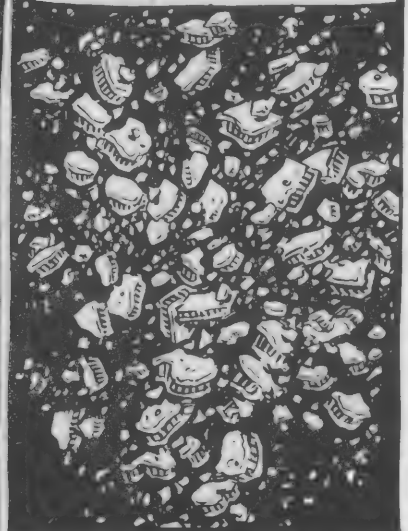
PLASTER, HOWEVER, IS A RIGID MATERIAL, STRONG IN REPOSE BUT BRITTLE WHEN FLEXED....



CERTAINLY IT IS NOT DESIGNED TO WITHSTAND CHOREOGRAPHIC GYRATIONS...

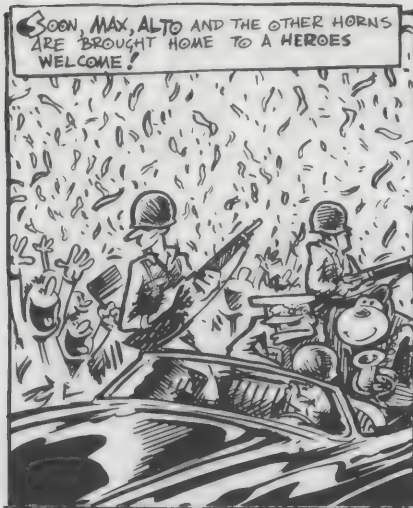


AND SO THE SPACE INVADER CRUMBLES TO DUST!



THE EARTH IS SAVED, BUT MAX, PROFESSIONAL TO THE LAST, LEADS HIS HORNS THROUGH THE FINAL SIXTEEN BARS, AND FINISHES ON A DRAMATIC C-SEVENTH CHORD!!





BLOODY NURSES ON STRIKE?

Call for

SARGE BARGE

OF THE SHS..

WOW!!

COCHISE!!

LONE WOLF ON THE PR-AIRIE!!

ARF!!

GEE!!

BITCHES!!

REDS!!

AHEM..

BUT.. BUT..

YOU'VE BUTCHERED YOUR LAST PATIENT!!

OW!!

MEDIC!!

ALL TOGETHER LADS!!

EXPLODING ACTION MAN DOLL FOR YOU CAPIT-ALIST DOG!!

WELL LADS WE'VE CLEANED UP THIS VILE DEN OF..

LOOK OUT SIR!!

EH?!

IT'S SISTER LISTER!!

DIE!!

KOMMY BITCH!!

ARG!!

NO PRISO-NERS!!

KILL!! KILL!!

NO MERCY!!

THE WORLD'S SAVED AGAIN, BUT THE.. THE SARGE!!

HE WAS A PLUCK BUT NO ONE DESERVES THAT!!

SOON..

OOH! IT'S MY DARLING HOME FROM WORK!

SURE, BUT THEM SLUTS GOT WORSE! WE HIT NINE HOSPITALS TODAY YOU BET!

THE BODY COUNT'S INTO FOUR FIGURES AND NO WIT-NESSSES!!

MUTILATE THE COR-PSES!!

BUT SOME-THING'S AMISS!! YOU'VE BEEN HURT!!

OOH!! I WANNA DISCO!!

THE WOUND MEANS A DESK-JOB THOUGH..

I FEAR YOU MIGHT FIND ME.. SO.. SO..

BORING? NEVER MY DARLING!!

EVERY CLOUD HAS ITS SILVER LINING..

YOU COULD FIX A NET ABOVE THE BED AN' I COULD PRACTICE MY BASKETBALL WHILE YOU'RE HUMMING ME!!

WHAT FUN! HELE, CATCH THIS AND KISS IT!

DARLING, YOU'RE SO FINE, NEVER LEAVE ME!!

I AM YOURS FOR EVER DARLING!!

SLURP!!

..BY THE WAY, CAN I HAVE A NEW DRESS, YOU'RE BLEEDING ON THIS ONE?



Here's the lucky couple!



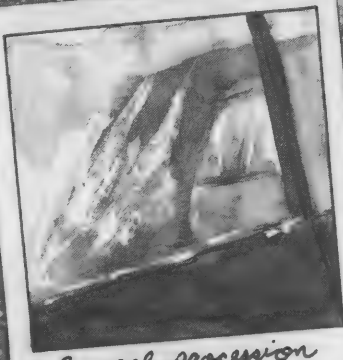
Break out the fire extinguishers!!



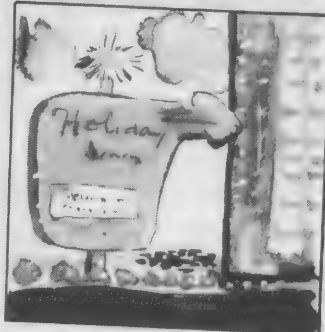
Bob.



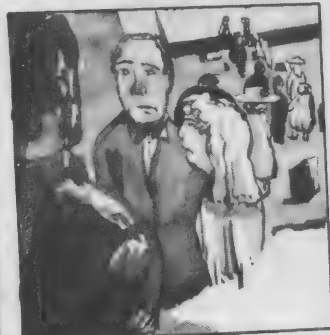
Isn't the limo ~~seem~~ beautiful??



A funeral procession passed us on the way to the hotel.



The Holiday Inn!



The line at the desk for the Honeymoon Special



Arlene and Bob



Paying the bellboy for taking our picture.



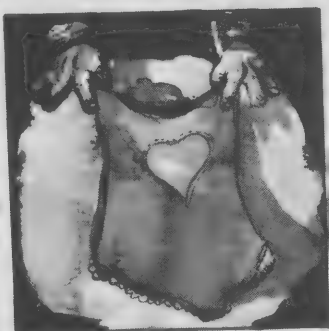
The bed has
"Magic Fingers"!



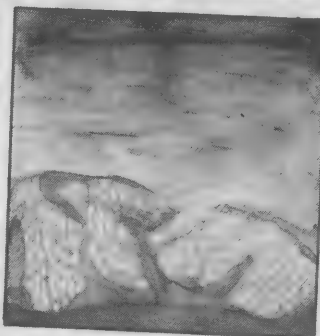
The complimentary
champagne.



Too much champagne
at the reception!



Arlene's new
nightgown



Bob's new
pajamas



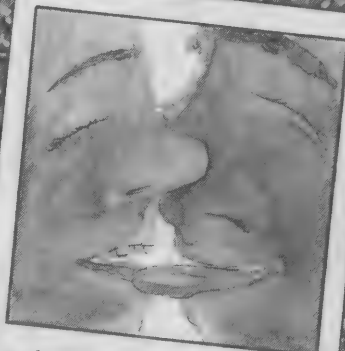
We know which night-
clothes Bob likes best!



The tender embrace!



Arlene's mother on the
phone - Hints on wedding
night "etiquette".



The gentle persuasion!



The graceful courtship!



You forgot the what?!



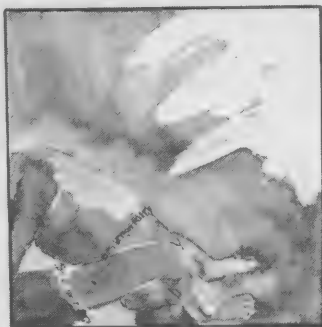
Bob off to the drugstore to buy some "sheaths."



Arlene.



Bob comes back with more complimentary champagne, (and the "sheaths")



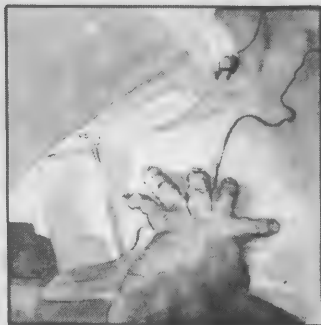
The intimate encounter resumes!



Oh no! The groom's friend hid in the closet!



Bob tells his buddies goodnight.



Lights out!



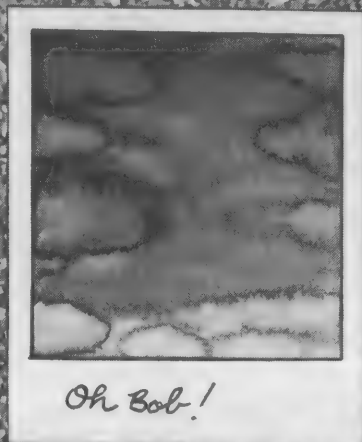
The time finally comes.



The time FINALLY comes.



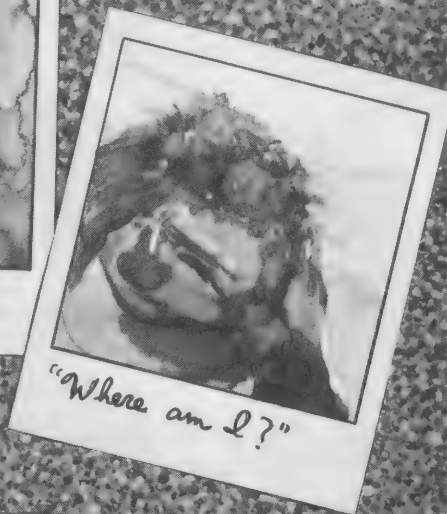
*THE TIME FINALLY comes.
(Damn camera!)*



Oh Bob!



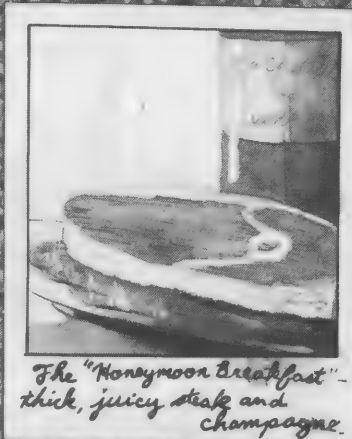
*Bob. Bob.? Are you
awake?*



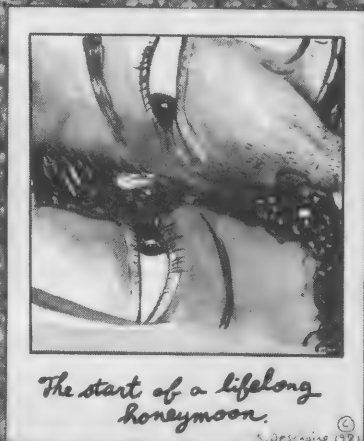
"Where am I?"



*Bob and Arlene the next
morning.*



*The "Honeymoon Breakfast" -
thick, juicy steak and
champagne.*



*The start of a lifelong
honeymoon.*

SIGN OF THE TIMES

-A TRUE
TALE OF
THE '80'S

SCRIPT AND VISUALS CLIFF HARPER

THE FIRST TIME THAT CELL DOOR
SLAMMED SHUT IT FELT LIKE BEING
BURIED ALIVE--BUT I'VE A LOT OF TIME
TO GET USED TO IT--A LIFETIME LIKE THE
JUDGE SAID--20 YEARS FOR MURDER
--15 FOR ROBBERY--3 FOR EXPLOSIVES--



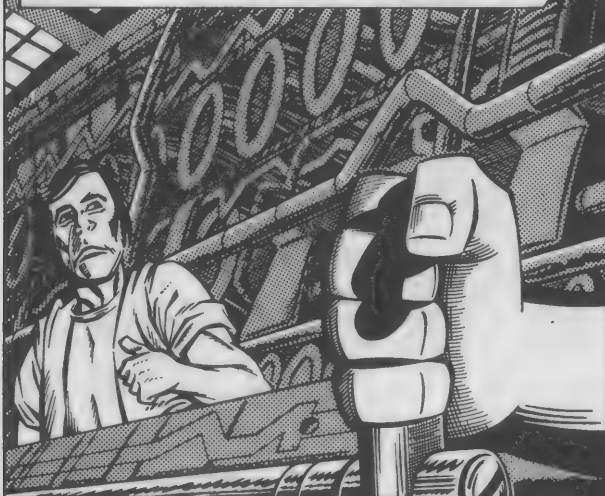
--I'LL BE 63 WHEN I GET OUT--

I'LL BE ABLE TO CATCH UP ON MY READING
THOUGH--I'VE ALWAYS LIKED BOOKS AND IF
I'M LUCKY THEY'LL LET ME WORK IN THE PRISON
GARDEN--I USED TO WORK WEEKENDS IN A
NURSERY GARDEN--I LIKED HELPING THINGS GROW.



--THAT WAS BEFORE I WORKED AT
GREENFIELDS FACTORY UP IN DURHAM--

CONDITIONS WERE LOUSY--PAY WAS WORSE
--40 OF US WENT ON STRIKE--'UNOFFICIAL'
THEY CALLED IT AND SACKED THE LOT OF
US--ONE DAY YOU'RE WORKING--PAY
PACKET REGULAR AS CLOCKWORK--



NEXT THING YOU'RE ON THE BREADLINE--

WHAT THE FUCK CAN YOU DO? WE
TRIED IT ALL--STANDING IN THE COLD
AND RAIN PICKETING THE GATES DAY
AFTER DAY--WENT DOWN TO
PARLIAMENT TO SEE OUR M.P.--



I MET MICHAEL FOOT--HE SHOOK MY HAND--

NONE OF IT DID ANY GOOD---I WENT TO A MEETING OF THOSE 'MILITANTS'---THEY TALK A LOT ABOUT THE REVOLUTION BUT THEY DON'T HAVE A CLUE---SAID THEY WERE "OPPOSED TO VIOLENCE"---



SO I WALKED AWAY FROM ALL THAT ---

TED SMITH, ME AND DAVE BENNETT WERE TALKING IN THE BOOZER ONE NIGHT---WE'D HAD ENOUGH OF BEING PUSHED AROUND---THE TIME HAD COME TO FIGHT BACK---BETTER TO LIVE ONE DAY ON YOUR FEET THAN ALL YOUR BLOODY LIFE ON YOUR KNEES ---



I REALISED THEN---IF YOU WANT SOMETHING DONE THEN YOU'VE GOT TO DO IT YOURSELF---DIRECT ACTION IS THE ANSWER ---



HIT THE BASTARDS WHERE IT HURTS --- IN THE WALLET ---



WE DECIDED TO DO OVER THE FACTORY ON PAY DAY---THURSDAY MARCH 4TH---DAVE AND ME WOULD GO IN---TED WOULD BE AROUND THE CORNER IN GREENFIELDS LANE WITH HIS VAN ---

I SUPPLIED THE GUNS—WE DIDN'T INTEND TO USE THEM —
WHAT'S THE POINT? JUST KEEP EVERYONES HEAD DOWN AND THEN AWAY
AS FAST AS WE COULD--- THINGS WENT ACCORDING TO PLAN — TO BEGIN
WITH—IN WE WENT—FIRED A FEW SHOTS AT THE CEILING—GRABBED THE
MONEY AND OUT WE WENT —



THAT'S WHEN THINGS STARTED TO
SCREW UP—THESE TWO GEEZERS
WERE WAITING OUTSIDE—PLAINCLOTHES
COPS—STUPID BASTARDS
TRIED TO STOP US —

THEY WERE BETWEEN US AND
THE OPEN ROAD—LIKE A DOOR
SLAMMED SHUT—WHAT COULD
I DO? IT WAS AS IF THE
GUN POINTED THE WAY OUT—

---SO I LET HIM HAVE IT---
BANG-- STRAIGHT THROUGH
THE HEART. I MISSED THE
OTHER ONE BUT HE FELL
PRETENDING I'D SHOT HIM--



BY THEN THERE WERE COPS
EVERYWHERE AND WE COULDN'T
MAKE IT TO THE VAN--I GOT THE
COPS KEYS AND WE STARTED OFF
IN HIS CAR--BUT WE DIDN'T
GET VERY FAR---

—I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO
THAT COP--HIS NAME WAS
MICHAEL--HE WAS A BRAVE SOD--



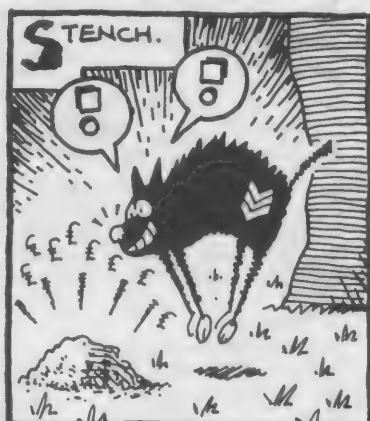
—THERE'S THIS COP DRIVING
STRAIGHT AT US--KNOCKS US
RIGHT OF THE ROAD---DAVE
REACHED FOR HIS GUN BUT THE
COP PULLED HIM OUT ONTO THE
ROAD--THEN IT WAS ALL OVER--



—BUT IF IT WASN'T FOR HIM--
WE'D HAVE GOT AWAY--

FIN

Jerry's Dad's Big Deal





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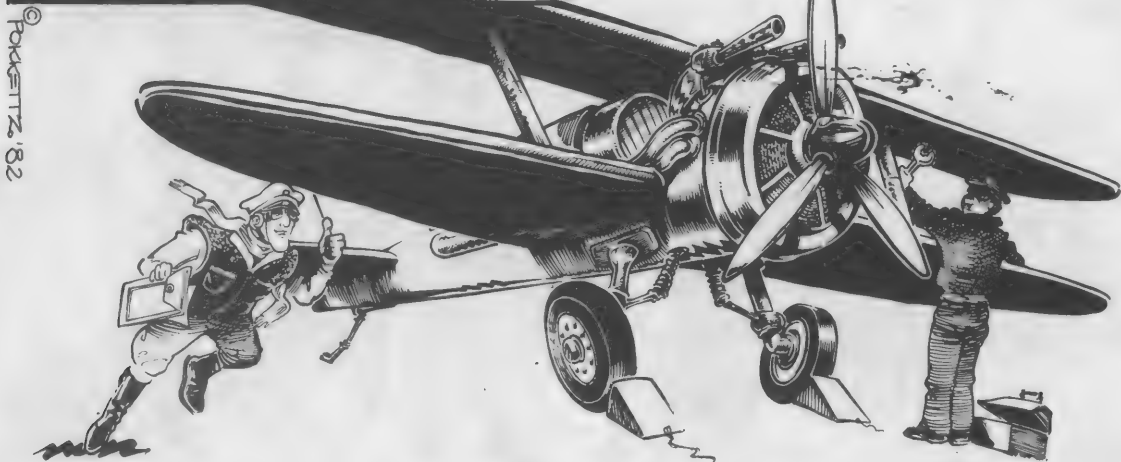
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YARNS OF DEATH *and* GUTS

THIS WEEK:-
THE FLIGHT
OF THE
DUGONG



FIRST MAN TO HIS BRISTOL BITTERN IS, AS USUAL, WING COMMANDER
JULIAN "GUY" FAWKES

CHOC AWAY ARCHIE!



CHOC AWAY IT IS, SIR!

GIVE 'EM WOT FOR!

ARCHIE "PIPES" PIPER,
PETTY-CROOK AND CRACK
ENGINEER



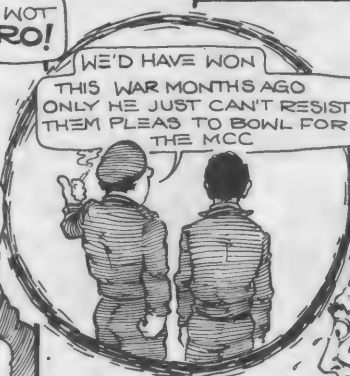
...LISTENS WITH PRIDE TO
THE FINELY-TUNED SIXTEEN
-CYLINDER **AERIAL 7**
COYPU ENGINE AS IT
CATAPULTS THE **WINGCO**
INTO AN AZURE
BERKSHIRE SKY...

**BLIMEY, SARGE, THEY DON'T KNOW WOT
THEY GOT COMING. THAT MAN'S A 'ERO!**

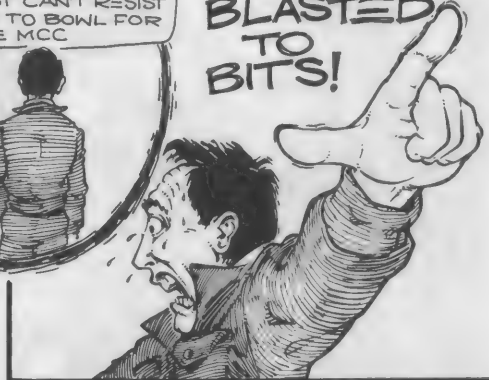


NOT A 'ERO, CHUM! 'E'S
BIN PROMOTED TO
LEGEND!

WE'D HAVE WON
THIS WAR MONTHS AGO
ONLY HE JUST CAN'T RESIST
THEM PLEAS TO BOWL FOR
THE MCC



**SARGE!'IS
CRATE'S BIN
BLASTED
TO BITS!**



NO, LAD. 'E'S
JUST **FEINTING.**
LOOK!

**CRIPES! 'E'S BALED OUT
CARRYING THE GUNS, AND
BAGGED THREE BANDITS
ON HIS WAY DOWN!**

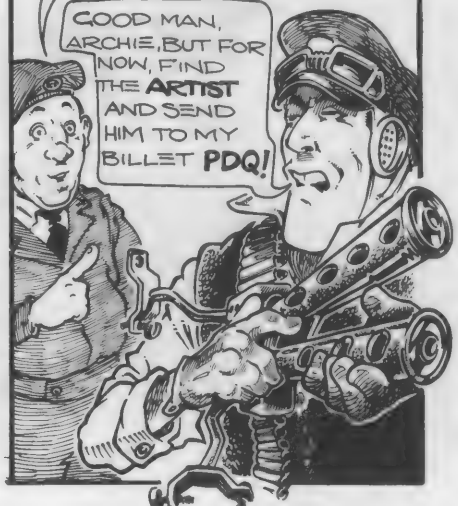


IT'S AN OLD TRICK, BUT
IT WORKS **ATREAT!**

LOOK, 'E'S LANDED, AND 'E'S
COMING OVER HERE! NOT
CAN 'E WANT?



I'LL COLLECT THE BITS AND
RECONSTRUCT THE **BITTERN**
OVERNIGHT, SIR!



GOOD MAN,
ARCHIE, BUT FOR
NOW, FIND
THE **ARTIST**
AND SEND
HIM TO MY
BILLET **PDQ!**

**PADDY "THUNDERBAGS" HIGGINS, ARTIST DETAILED TO
SCRIPT MISSIONS FOR THE SQUADRON.**



NOW **LOOK HERE**, HIGGINS!
HOW COME I NEVER GET
A **DOGFIGHT** IN THIS
COMIC? EH?



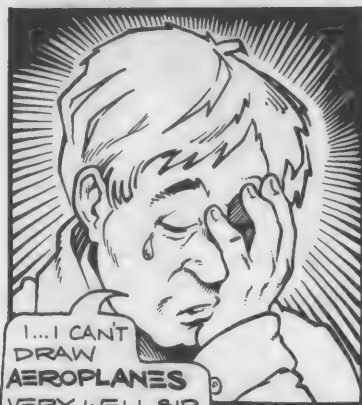
WELL, SIR... I... ER... THAT IS...



**COME ON, MAN!
SPIT IT OUT!**



**NONSENSE, MAN! LOOK, I'M GOING BACK
UP THERE, AND YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!
NO IF'S OR BUTS. YOU UNDERESTIMATE
YOURSELF YOUNG HIGGINS, ME
LAD! YOU MAY BE ARTISTIC,
BUT I LIKE THE CUT OF
YOUR JIB!**



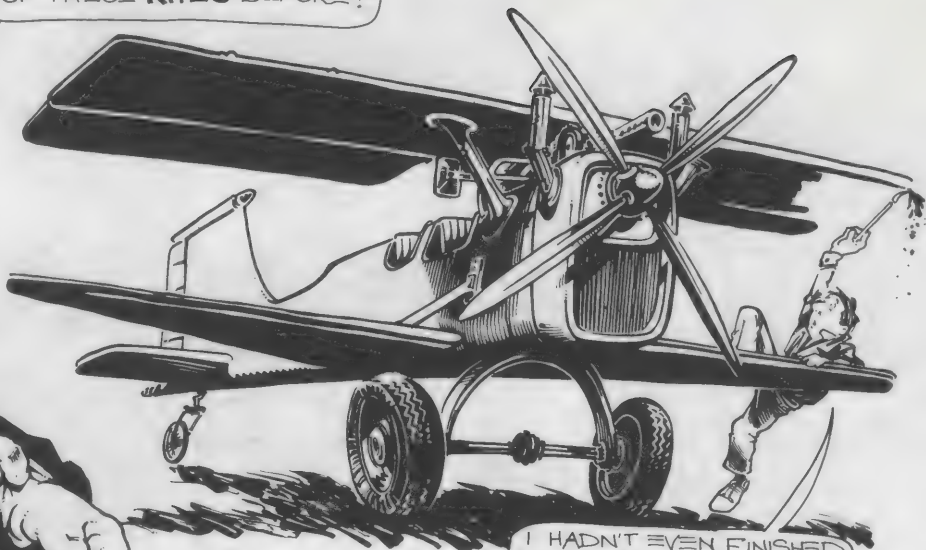
I... I CAN'T
DRAW
AEROPLANES
VERY WELL, SIR.



**YOU KNOW, UNDERNEATH IT
ALL, HE'S ONE OF MY MOST
COMPASSIONATE
CREATIONS.**



THIS OLD **CRATE** WILL HAVE TO DO.
FLOWN ONE OF THESE **KITES** BEFORE?



I HADN'T EVEN FINISHED
DRAWING IT.

CHECK **FLAPS**. CHECK **FINS**.
CHECK **FUEL**. CHECK **AMMO**.
CHECK **CHECK-LIST**.
TICKETTY-BOO BACK
THERE?

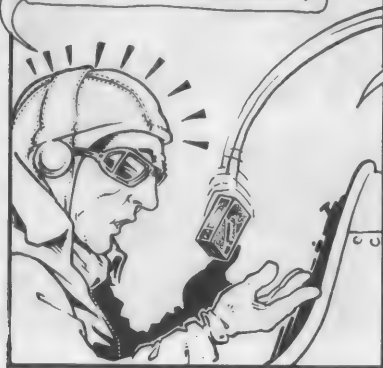


ER...INK, WHITE GUACHE, MAPPING-PEN,
RULER, SCALPEL. I THINK THAT'S THE
LOT, WINGCO!



OH BY THE WAY, YOU MAY BE
ABLE TO MAKE USE OF
THESE!

CRUIKEY! A BOX OF
GILLOTT NIBS!
BUT HOW... WHERE...?



JUST A LITTLE
SOMETHING "PIPES"
LAID HIS HANDS ON...

RIGHT-OH! SIR. I THINK
THINGS ARE BEGINNING
TO LOOK UP AT LAST!



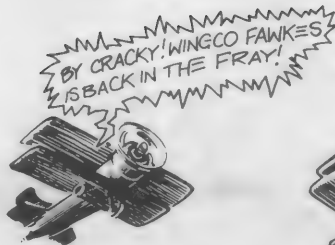
SWINBURNE BASE TO
WING COMMANDER
FAWKES - YOU ARE
CLEARED FOR
TAKE-OFF



WILCO, SWINBURNE BASE. SEE IF YOU CAN
RUSTLE UP SOME MUFFINS FOR TEA...



THE BATTERED AND
BADLY-DRAWN
WRIGHT-FULLER DUGONG
SHEARS AWAY INTO THE
BRITTLE AIR, CUT ACROSS
WITH THE THROTTLED
ROAR OF TORTURED
MACHINES AND THE
UGLY CHATTER OF
HIGH-VOLUME **SPEECH-
BUBBLES...**



BY CRACKY! WINGCO FAWKES
IS BACK IN THE FRAY!



GO GET 'EM
GUY

NOW. LET ME AT
THOSE FOREIGNERS!

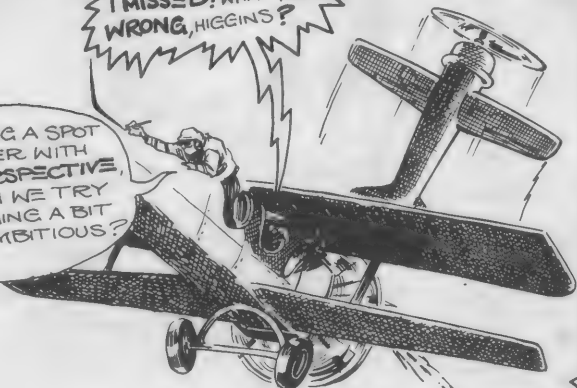


OKEY-DOKE, HIGGINS, I'M TAKING
HER IN. WHEN I GIVE THE WORD
HAND-LETTER LIKE **BILLY-O!**



I MISSED! WHAT WENT
WRONG, HIGGINS?

I'M HAVING A SPOT
OF BOTHER WITH
THIS **PERSPECTIVE**,
SIR. CAN WE TRY
SOMETHING A BIT
LESS AMBITIOUS?



GOOD MAN!
LET'S TRY THE
NEXT PAGE!

BY BRADMAN! WERE
AFIRE, LAD!

HOLD YOUR
HORSES, WINGCO.
IT'S JUST A VISUAL
DEVICE...

JUST A MO; IF I CAN JUST GET
UP HERE ON THE WING...

...AND DRAW IN THIS
LEVER... THERE, SIR,
GIVE THAT A WHACK!

BZZZZT
BLAT!
KA-FOOM

GREAT HOBBS!
WHAT WAS THAT?

A SECRET DEATH-
RAY GUN, SIR!

THEN...
EAT DEATH-RAY, FRITZ!

FOR YOU, THE
WAR IS OVER!

THESE TWO, THESE PLUCKY TWO,
HAVE SPILT INK TO
RID OUR COMIC
STRIPS OF
BUMS, FARTS,
DRUGS AND
BLOODY
STAR TREK

THE END.

YOU PULLED IT OFF, SIR!

WELL I ONLY TIED IT ON
WITH STRING AS A
TEMPORARY RUSE

THE PAIR ARE AWARDED
THE KING'S CROSS BY
AIR VICE-MARSHALL
DOUGLAS "BUNKO"
McPHERSON

KING'S CROSS

THOK





Learnin' the GIRLS

The Facts of Life

© 1982
Mike
Matthews

AH AM THUH LIVIN'
IMAGE OF GOHD
THA CREATOR!!
AN' THAT AIN'T NO SHIT!

SOLD POP!

LAY IT ON US,
DADDY-O!

TELL IT LIKE
IT IS, MAN!



PHEW! TROUBLE IS,
PREACHIN'
THE WORD OF TRUTH LEAVES
ONE KNACKERED! GASP!

ANOTHER PROBLEM IS..

WE DON'T KNOW WHAT
ALL THAT BAWL-SHIT
MEANS!

WHAT
YOU TALKIN'
ABOUT, POP?





IT MEANS...
THAT YOU'RE JUST ABOUT GROWN UP
ENOUGH NOW TO KNOW THE **FACTS** OF
EXISTENCE! **LOP** AS THEY PERTAIN TO YOUR FUTURE
THREE LOLITAPOPPETS, CLOSER, and
I WILL TELL ALL...!

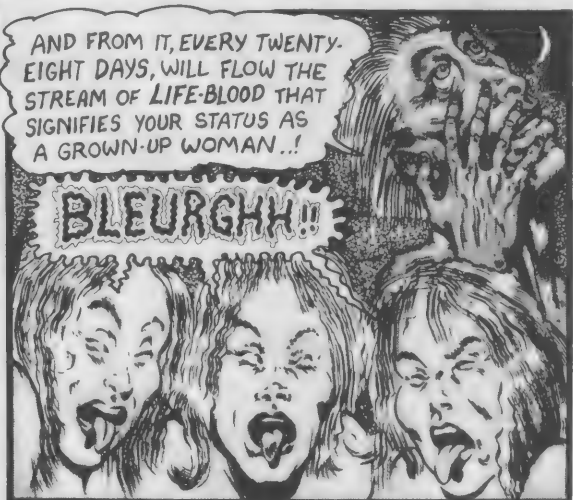
OOH
YES!

TELL
US!

EVERY
THING!



AAAAH MOTHER NATURE
RISES...THE GOLDEN
DAWN OF WOMANHOOD'S
FIRST GLEAMINGS...! SOON THE
MOLEHILL'S WILL BECOME
MOUNTAINS AND THE MOSSY
VALLEY A STEAMING
JUNGLE...!



AND FROM IT, EVERY TWENTY-
EIGHT DAYS, WILL FLOW THE
STREAM OF LIFE-BLOOD THAT
SIGNIFIES YOUR STATUS AS
A GROWN-UP WOMAN...!

BLEURGH!!



AND SOON IT'LL BE TIME TO SLAP MESSY VANITY-
PAINT ON YER MUGS, AND SAY THINGS LIKE...
"OOH, DON'T!" "STOP IIIIT!" "BUT I CAAAN'T!"
AND YA GOTTA GIGGLE A LOT
AND ACT DUMB!

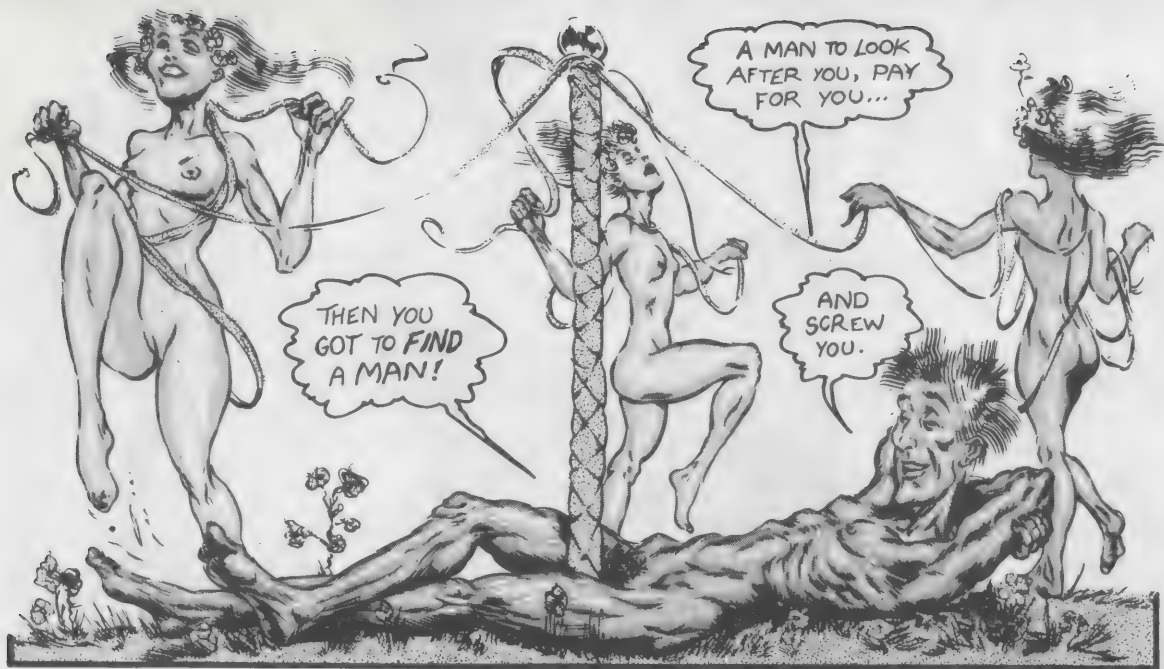


AN' YA GOTTA
WEAR GAUDY
UNCOMFORTABLE
EXPENSIVE
CLOTHES!

THEN THROW 'EM AWAY
BEFORE THEY'RE WORN
OUT BECAUSE...

"THEY'RE
OUT OF
fashion!"

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!





POP! WE'VE THOUGHT THIS OVER...

AND WE'VE DECIDED BEING WOMEN IS A PRETTY BUM DEAL ALL ROUND...

SO WE'VE BECOME MEN!

SIGH! MY DEAR NAÏVE LITTLE CHILDREN... A SAUSAGE, A PLUM, TWO WALNUTS AND A PIECE OF STRING DO NOT A MAN MAKE...! Heh-Heh-Heh-Heh!



NOW TAKE THOSE SILLY CONTRACTIONS OFF AND PUT THESE NICE FRILLIES ON LIKE GOOD LITTLE GIRLIES...!

NO! WE KEEP OUR PROSELYTE COCKS!! WE, THE SISTERHOOD OF FREEDOM FROM MAN'S OPPRESSION WILL NOT BE EMASCULATED! GRASP YOUR DANGLERS, GIRLS!

OOPS! ONE OF ME NUTS HAS DROPPED OFF...!



WE DEMAND THE RIGHT TO BE JUST LIKE MEN!! NOW!

YEAH!

YEAH!



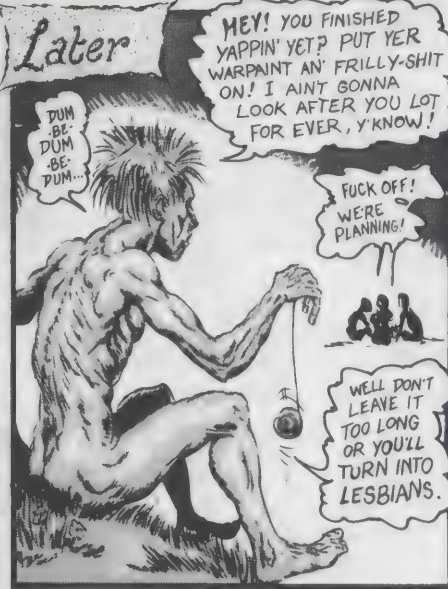
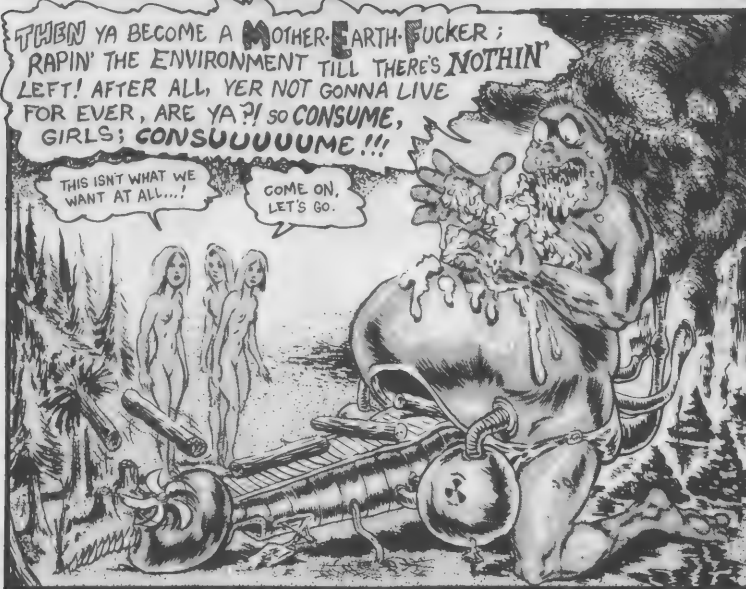
JUST LIKE MEN? DO YOU REALISE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING?!!

Y-YES..!



ALRIGHT THEN...

NO MORE MESSING ABOUT...



LOOK NO FURTHER...



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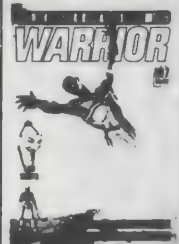
KINGS CROSS - A HAND PICKED SQUAD OF FOUR ORDERLIES WITH A VITAL MISSION....
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Jesus!

CHRIST!! WILL YOU STOP PACIN' UP AN' DOWN, I'M GET-TIN' DIZZY!!

WORRY WORRY WORRY

IT'S OKAY FOR YOU, HOLY GHOST, YOU AIN'T GOT MY PROBLEM!

MY POPULARITY'S BEEN WANIN' LIKE CRAZY OF LATE! I NEED A NEW TRICK!

TOO MANY FOLK'RE QUESTIONIN' MY GODHOOD! ALL MY USUAL MIRACLES DON'T IMPRESS 'EM NO MORE!

WHAT I NEED IS SOMETHIN' SCIENTIFIC! ..HELPFUL! ..MEDICAL? ..A CURE? ..PREVENTION?

WATER INTO WINE, WALK-IN' ON THE WATER.. OLD HAT!

ABORTION!!

WHAT IN SAM HILL'S THAT?!

THE SURGICAL, SAFE, TERMINATION OF THE UNWANTED PREGNANCY, COMPADRE!

YEAH?

THINK OF ALL THE FAKE MARRIAGES IT'LL PREVENT, ALL THE BABY BATTERIN', ALL THE MISERY, ALL THE..

...RELIGIOUS FANATICS'LL GO ON ABOUT THE SANCTITY OF LIFE AN' THEY'LL HANG YOU FOR YOUR EFFORTS!

...UNWILLIN' TEENAGE MOTHERS, THE OVER-BURDENED.. Er..

FACE IT, J.C., YOU DREAMED UP THE NUTTERS AN' THIS ONE THE WRONG WAY ROUND, TIME-WISE!

BUT I JUST GOTTA GIVE 'EM SOMETHIN' THEY'LL APPRECIATE!!

HOW ABOUT ORGANISED WARFARE?

D'YOU REALLY THINK THAT WOULD UNITE PEOPLE UNDER THE BANNER OF CHRIST?!

LOCKED-UP COMIX

Since publication of KNOCKABOUT 4 (the "OBSCENE" issue),
which was dedicated to clarifying the finer legal points
governing literature on SEX, DRUGS and ROCK 'N ROLL, events
have moved on apace.

The forces of the state reappeared and arrested our editor-in-chief, removing him to a place of ill-repute (Notting Hill police station), where he was charged with publishing, for 'gain'!!, 62 different titles. The fate of these and our editor will rest with the whims of a high court judge. Among the titles are many common comics such as Dr. ATOMIC, COCAINE COMIX, DOPE COMIX, AMAZING LOVE STORIES and THE ADVENTURES OF LAZARUS LAMB.

Also drug books including GUIDE TO GROWING MARIJUANA IN THE BRITISH ISLES, GUIDE TO BRITISH PSILOCYBIN MUSHROOMS (useful for not getting poisoned in Wales and other places) and MAMA COCA, a book about coca use by Colombian indians and the fortunes made in the cocaine trade by many governments inside and outside South America.

So KNOCKABOUT is feeling a little knocked about, with the threat of government censorship, large fines and custodial sentences if we lose. Our defence is going to cost a lot of money which we don't have, mainly due to the police having £10,000 worth of our stock and stopping us selling certain titles. Look out for fund-raising events and publications. In the meantime we have opened an account at Lloyds Bank 263 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0AT, account no. 7337635. Any contributions you can make will help a lot towards our legal costs. Every penny will go to our lawyers (if you believe that you'll believe anything).

Forthcoming new titles include THE BEST OF FAT FREDDY'S

CAT, a paperback anthology coming in April.

Hunt Emerson's BIG BOOK OF EVERYTHING is due later

this summer and KNOCKABOUT COMICS 6-1984 is on its way.

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